

# Ask

Christon Gray

I know how you feel, and I won't tell a soul  
These wounds don't ever heal, the scars you never show  
I'll help you run away, but promise not to go  
Come take my hand, I'll always understand  
Just ask

I know exactly where you are, you're lost  
You tried this world, it'll never work  
Jesus, He's real, He's waiting for you  
He willed that no man will perish  
Come on man, come on young lady  
Just ask, come on

Now I can see the warzone where no man grow old  
Where the rain turn red and the wind don't blow  
And I really ain't tryna go, I got the door closed  
It's me O' Lord, first and foremost  
Let me hit the flow before I put on these war clothes  
Ain't afraid to admit that I'm a fiend in need of a sure dose  
In need of a morsel, please just one  
I know you gotta feed your sons and your daughters  
But even dogs gotta eat the crumbs, and I'm starving  
A runaway from the Hunger Games  
Been chosen but I don't wanna play  
There ain't no other way, since I was born in sin  
I'mma have to kill, be killed, or be born again  
Even the heartless got a conscience  
Repentance is admission of unsettled debts  
And I'm just praying for the one who ain't said it yet

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Open your eyes, tell me what do you see  
Empathy and sorrow got me staring at the loose leaf  
A snapshot of my life and it's put together loosely  
'Cause if I tell it all then you're thinking that you knew me  
Sixteens can't capture the feeling that I felt  
When my momma sat me down and said Marcus got killed  
I call it so close, but they call it spilled milk  
Now I'm walking on this long road, praying that he knelt  
Down before the throne and the Son in the right seat  
I'll let you in on a secret that I might keep  
Though I'm really sad now, we ain't ever speak  
The truth inside me but I ain't wanna make a peep  
Aye look my little cousin dead in the street, ah!  
Aye look my little cousin dead in the street  
And I'm supposed to be your hands  
I'm supposed to be your feet  
And I ain't ever tell him, all he had to do was ask  
He made a call to the streets and they answered cash  
He ran a route so fast, both feet on the gas  
Ask and you'll receive, but I forgot to throw the pass  
And now I'm living in the past, now I'm living in the past

And now I'm living in the past

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